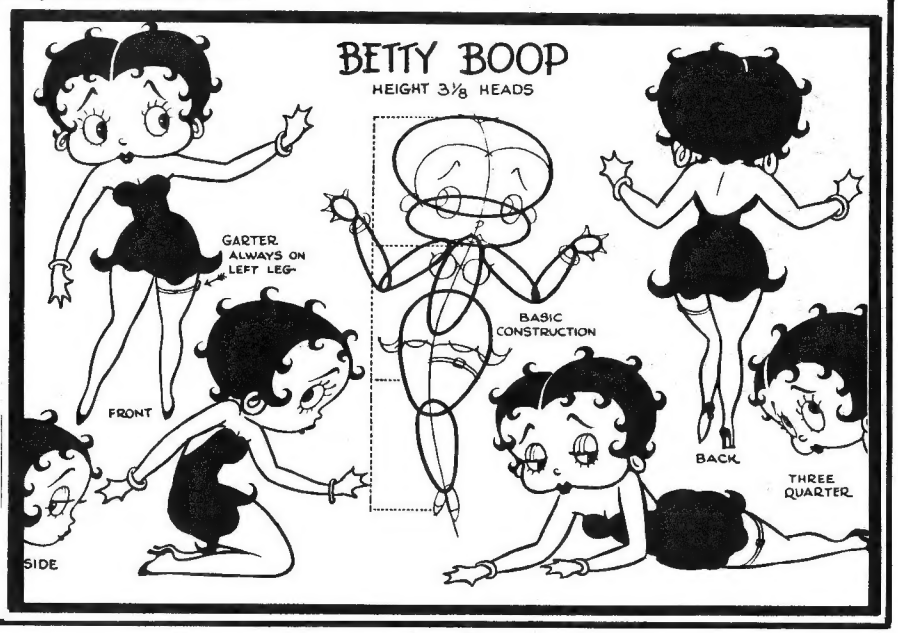
BETTY BOOP

COMIX WORLD 60. November 15, 1976. Copyright Clay Geerdes. All Rights Reserved. Subs: $3.50 for 12; $6.50 for 24. All back issues $10.00. Mail to Box 507, Cotati, Ca 94928. This issue dedicated to Leslie Cabarga in appreciation for his beautiful book, THE FLEISCHER STORY, an important addition to the literature of comics. The book contains the full history of the Fleischer family with many photographs, drawings, model sheets, strips, and movie stills. A cartoonist in his own right, Leslie came to San Francisco several years ago where he continued to freelance while getting the Fleischer book through to publication. He has contributed to COMIX BOOK, NATIONAL LAMPOON, and did many of the layouts for the calendar section of Coppola's CITY MAGAZINE. He researched, wrote, designed, and laid out the Fleischer book. It was edited by Sharon Rudahl and John Campbell. Nostalgia Press published it in New York in hardback for $12.50. The book is available from most regular dealers by mail. In it, you'll learn a lot of things about the notorious Betty Boop who began life as a dog in Dizzy Dishes (1930) and became a big star throughout the thirties. Betty was revived in the late sixties for a second round of film honors and products. The reprint of the Betty Boop Fan Club button done by Krupp Comic Works proved to be a best-seller. The character was originally designed for the Fleischer studio by Grim Natwick who later animated Snow White for Disney. Leslie corrects a lot of errors about the early days of New York animation & gives credit where it has long been due. Books about the Disney Studios have been guilty of ignoring the achievements of Walt's predecessors.* The cover of Toward Revolutionary Art (TRA) V 3 No. 1, was painted by Guy Colwell. Back cover by Jay Kinney. This issue contains a portfolio entitled "Comix and Politics." Art by Trina, R. Diggs, Bill Plympton, and Lee Marrs. $1.25 from TRA, PO BX 40909, San Fran, CA 94140.* I liked Gene Day's "Childsong" in STAR* REACH 6. $1.55 pp from Last Gasp, PO BX 212, Berkeley, CA 94704. * This from Denis Kitchen: "Some good artists are going to drift away from the ug format, perhaps permanently. Others will keep a foot in ugs and supplement their income with slick magazine contributions. But I still say underground comix are far from dead or dying. Perhaps the energy is flowing out of the West Coast and into the Midwest. I challenge your assumption that comix are only circulated well on the West Coast. Our wall map is stuck with pins for every distributor and individual outlet we service directly and the Midwest and East Coast are pretty heavily covered. The South is opening up like never before. It is only the West Coast that I see declining in demand compared to what we once sold there.." Krupp Comic Works, P. O. Box 7, Princeton, Wis. 54968.* In the November issue of FACES, Skip Williamson writes about the Chicago Con & includes pix of Kitchen, Lynch, Dan Clyne, and Harv Kurtzman. $1 from 738 N. LaSalle St., Chicago IL 60610. Williamson comments: "At one pole is Lee, the sparkling and toothy publisher. At the opposite pole is Harvey Kurtzman, unassuming artist, interested in comic art innovations, and a better break for the artists." * Stan Lee has just published the third volume of his version of the history of old Marvel, BRING ON THE BAD GUYS. $6.95 in paperback from Simon & Schuster in New York. In this one, Lee admits that villiany is more interesting than goodness. "Once we've invented a hero, that's it. He's pretty much the same, issue after issue." How true, Stan. ". . .the main appeal of our frisky little fables must lie with the villains we concoct." The book reprints the origins of Doctor Doom, Dormammu, Loki, the Red Skull, The Green Goblin, and Mephisto.* The first three pages of Crumb's DESPAIR are for sale. Those interested should send bids to COMIX WORLD. Doug Bryson has reprinted LIGHTNING WAR. 50¢pp from him at 4713 Harcourt, El Paso, TX 79924.* Jim Siergey has illustrated a pamphlet on Your Legal Rights, Arrest and Entrapment. Request one from the National Council On Drug Abuse, 8 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60603. * Woody Guthrie wrote a beautiful book about his early life in 1943 called Bound For Glory (It's been filmed with David Carradine as Woody.). He died in 1967. After many years, the sequel to his first book has been edited and published by E. P. Dutton as Seeds of Man ($11.95 hardback).* Keep up on the Southern California art & comic scene by subscribing to COBBLESTONE. $5 a year from Fragments West, P. O. Bx 1128, Los Ala-mitos, Ca 90720. Get Phil Yeh's CAZOO collection for $1.50 same address. * Good selection of ugs in Los Angeles area at Wilton Bk & News, 5653 Hollywood, Hollywood, CA 90028. Brad & Bettina Darby run the store & I've had good reports from CW readers who've stopped in. * Guy Colwell is drawing a third issue of Inner City Romance Comics to be published by Last Gasp (Box 212, Berkeley, Ca 94704) early in '77.* A showing of erotic fantasy paintings by Joseph Phillips may be viewed at The Mitchell Brothers' Cinema in Berkeley (Shattuck & Haste Streets) all of November. * BIZARRE SEX 5 is in magazine format (8½x11) & has a cover by Richard Corben. Inside work includes stuff by Crumb, Joel Beck, Charles Dallas, Steve Stiles, Sharon Rudahl, Howard Cruse, George Erling and Harry Buckinx. $1.35 pp from Krupp, P. O. Box 7, Princeton, Wis 54968. KURTZMAN KOMIX $1.35 from same address.

Betty's second model chart, 1933.



The Hookers and Lookers

CHRONICLE 10-30-76

By Steve Rubenstein

Like its namesakes, The Hookers' Ball wasn't free.

It was $25 a ticket, and at least 2000 werewolves, vampires and assorted freaks forked it over last night at the San Francisco Hilton Hotel for the chance to dance, drink and, mainly, look at each other.

All proceeds are destined to support Margo St. James' three-year-old association of hookers called COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics).

Throughout the evening, things remained loose. Peggy Farrar of Cotati walked through the foyer in notable absence of costume and didn't even cause a fuss.

"I'm not a hooker," she told everyone who stopped to chat. "I'm an actress."

Also on hand were a dozen hotel house detectives, easily recognized in their costumes from Brooks Brothers, and a 25-man contingent of private security guards.

There were no crashers in evidence during the early hours of the ball. However, at one point, an elderly couple from Indiana stumbled onto the party when they exited from an elevator on the wrong floor.

"Do they do this all the time in San Francisco?" the man asked his wife. They got back on the elevator and never returned.

On the dance floor, witches and wizards writhed to the sound of the San Francisco Medicine Ball Band and an African drummer.

"We thought some African music would be appropriate because so many of our sisters in the street are black," said the emcee.

"Let's bring him on with a loud COYOTE howl."

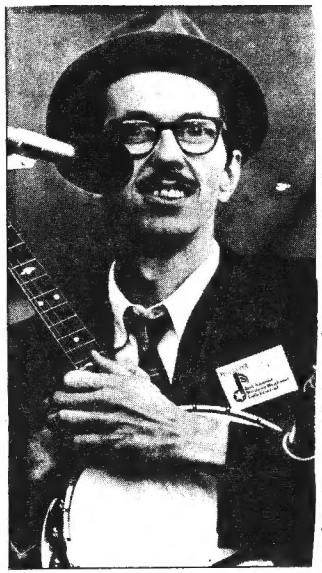
"Aw-OOO—ooh," exploded the werewolves.

In the foyer, COYOTE fund-raisers hawked tee shirts for $5, another group of fund-raisers had chocolate chip cookies for a dollar, and the Berkeley Women's Health Collective had speculums for 75 cents.

By Stephanie Maze

Some made merry, others marched at last night's Hookers' Ball

While in most towns, holidays are the excuse needed to get a party going, San Francisco parties all year long and everyone rests up on the holidays. Hallowe'en is a biggy round here and let's face it, it's because S. F. has become the drag capital of the world. Young guys come here from all over the country because they are free to dress up like women and stroll around with their boy friends unmolested or arrested. Such an unorthodox fashion parade draws one big gang of straight folks any time there's a party like the annual one COYOTE throws every October. When I got to the Hilton, Vito and the Free Store were already causing a ruckus in the lobby & I followed Big Red and Loretta's next-to-naked bodies up a stairway to the Imperial Ballroom where that expensive cocktail party was getting underway. Vito went on in, did the show, got cut off by security, and danced over to pay his respects to Robert Crumb before splitting. That was an historic meeting between two of the major influences of the mid-sixties, Vito in dance & freak theater, Crumb in comic art. When Crumb and his Cheap Suit Serenaders went up onstage to do their set, Big Red came over to be their go-go dancer (that's her in the picture to your left.). She got 86ed again for being too lightly clad and was last seen posing for a lot of photographers with a topless nun from COYOTE. In the ballroom, I spotted various cartoonists--Spain and Larry Todd and Trina and Larry Hama and Gary Hallgren and Aline Kominsky to mention a few. There were lots of nearly naked ladies (to which I'm always partial), and the costumes ranged from blackface and Gatsby drag for the obviously rich to Market Street grubbies & el cheapo clown drag. It was an evening when the two sides of the track met, one watching the hip flasks and shiny cigarette holders, the other noting the bottles of Ripple and Coors. A well-heeled dude in a yellow suit was sharing some white powder from a little golden snuff-box & I thought snuff had gone out of style but those gold and silver-faced folks seemed to get a buzz off it. Polk Street on Hallowe'en was twenty blocks of solid people. Witches, Monsters, a living Tampax box, lots of drag queens, & an ordinary reporter like me. C.G.



Robert Crumb

THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN

By SUSAN SMITH
Staff Writer

Despite the glitter, multi-sexual crowds, nudity, and general debauchery at the Third Annual Hooker's Ball Friday night, the fund-raiser was serious business to COYOTE members who sponsored the event.

San Francisco based COYOTE (Call off your Old Tired Ethics) works to obtain civil rights for prostitutes. Specifically, COYOTE wants to remove the state and national laws against prostitution.

The Hilton Hotel was the place to be Friday night, both to see and be seen. Traffic jammed the streets surrounding the hotel and crowds filled the lobby. 10,000 people packed the Continental Ballroom making it difficult to move, dance, talk, or hear.

Tickets to the ball were $10. People attending the pre-ball cocktail party donated $25. Money raised from the ball goes to the Victoria Woodhull Memorial Fund which supports COYOTE and other Bay Area Women's rights groups.

The Cover of MIDDLE CLASS FANTASIES #2 is perfect. It is clean, crisp, cryptic, sexy and allows the viewer to use her or his imagination. It consists of just two figures--a Jane Russell type woman with parted lips, holding a gun in the hand which is draped around the shoulders of a uniformed foxy guy with irresistable blue eyes. She's whispering in his ear while he is looking off somewhere as if he has wonderful hidden thoughts on his mind. The color is simple and arresting. The book should sell well. About the insides, only one thing can be said--the fantasies are middle-class. They are dull, pointless, unexciting, and they disappointed me because Jerry Lane has a good visual imagination and can draw very well. I don't think he writes well and I suspect he took himself too seriously because what comes across is only mildly evocative, very literal, and for the most part humorless. I was unstirred. Lane fulfilled with promise in the title but the entertainment level was low and consisted mostly of his beautiful rendering of buildings, scenery, and bodies in action. There were hints of social satire which didn't come off. There were hints of all sorts of goodies, but I don't feel he delivered or that he has a complete understanding of the comic medium. In a page of background information, Jerry Lane tells us a little about himself and his interests. He says "The Frogman (a story in the book) is the greatest story ever told." Is this a hand-lettered misprint? Is he putting us on? Perhaps this is an attempt at the surrealism which he likes. Lane's weakness in The Frogman is that he does not have a substantial hook on reality. He admires Carlos Castaneda, but Castaneda's strength lay in his ability to stun us and get our brains buzzing by being extremely concrete first then taking off into a symbolic realm. He was believable and unbelievable at the same time and he had something to say in a highly symbolic and provocative manner. Jerry Lane merely suggests things. I feel that his work lacks content and I am sorry. I feel gypped after enjoying his wonderful cover, but I hope he does some more work because there is every indication that he may develop. © Lyn Chevli, 1976